EDUCATION OF POOR BOYS.

REV. DR. CROWELL, OF TRINITY, WRITES WORDS OF WISDOM.

What a Poor Boy Needs to Get an Education--Money is Secondary--The Drawbacks and Difficulties.

The first thing that a poor boy needs in order to get an education is an inspiration that he is worth something to himself. Call it ambition, self-esteem or anything else; it is after all the sense of present and future worth of his native powers that affords the point of departure for him. Whence that sense of personal worth we may not know, or how it comes may be a mystery, but it comes as certain as fate. The dull and hopeless Anthony Trollope, whom his father occasionally knocked down with the family Bible, at last broke the crust of his apparent stupidity, and felt his strength like a young eagle.

The second thing needed is confidence in others. A Baltimore young man, about a half a century ago, went to a man of wealth and asked him for the use of a few thousand dollars with which to begin buiness: "What security have you to give?" asked the merchat. "My own personal honor, sir." The loan was made and so was fortune of the young man. This incident suggests a third essential besides confidence of others, to the getting of an education by a poor boy, that is, integrity and intelligence. No one will care to help to educate a young man whose character is unsound. Nor will any man in his right senses do much for a lazy, loafing young man—I speak of poor young men. Character is better than collateral. The measure of credit which character can command is simply enormous. I met a manufacturer the other day who told me of a merchant who had failed and settled with his creditors for 50 cents on the dollar, with receipts in full. Then some one turned around and offered the creditor 75 cents on the dollar for the other half of the unpaid debt from which the creditors had released their insolvent debtor. Such was the confidence which he had in the man who had failed but not impaired his power to restore himself in business nor lost his integrity in the time of trial.

Integrity, to define more strictly, means wholeness of character. It must be above price; it must be kept entirely out of the market, for as soon as it or a part of it becomes for sale, then men will not be willing to trust it unless it is plastered over with bonds and mortgages, and the poor young man has none of these. Integrity means truthfulness in act, word and thought alike. A liar is a curse to the human family, because he becomes its destroyer. So, then, as a woman guard her honor, must a man guard this part of his possessions called integrity of charactу, above suspicion of evil.

Dilligence comes of a purposeful life. To what purpose can a young man be living who simply eats, drinks, sleeps and breathes open air on the street corner, as if he had a perfect right to it? Indolence is vice, or the next step to it. He who will not use opportunities is not the one upon whom to spend money. A poor, indolent young man is a prospective pauper, a criminal potentially. If he can be shaken out of his ethargy, his age will be the richer, for poverty may then be a spur to effort. Senator Simon Cameron, who began very poor and became rich, said of his son Don, that he, the father, had one advantage which Don wanted in starting life; that advantage was in being poor. Poverty is nothing to be ashamd of; but on the other hand it is nothing to boast of. I have known young men who made fools of themselves coddling the notion that their poverty entitled them to future greatness. There is about as much virtue in that as there was in the pious dirtiness of the mediæval monks.

A poor young man usually works his way by earning enough to support himself for a time at School or College. If he is a clerk, let him be ambitious to be the best clerk in the store; if a book agent, let him know that he is carrying the golden treasurer of knowledge to thousands to whom the wisdom of the ages would never have come but for him. I thank God for the book agents that have visited the distant rural home home of my youth, where the fountains of history were opened to me and the treasures of philosophy were sought in quiet devotion.

Be the best that you can be, young men, then men and women will risk money on you, if you want them to, in your effort to get an education. For every dollar you earn with diligence, integrity and earnestness, you can borrow ten. Every College will trust you to pay your tuition. But be careful about a dishonest memory; one that forgets obligations or even settles down to the abominable heresy that after all the world owes you a living and that the institution can thank fortune for having the chance to educate you.

The financial needs for a poor young man aspiring after an education are the least difficult to obtain, if the young man has character and can prove that there is something in him. Given character and grit, and he will wedge his way through without asking odds. But he must deny himself of some things in order to make sure of other things. If an education is what he really seeks, let him if possible lay other things aside except so far as they contribute directly to his main purpose. This is a hard lesson to learn—the long continued concentration of energies in the line of a well-settled purpose. The majority of men do otherwise; as Emerson says: "The key to all ages is imbecility." Most poor young men lack encouragement from their surroundings. Their friends seldom understand them, and were it not for their mothers the world would be far poorer in greatness than it is. It takes pluck to break through the shell of uninspiring environments such as develop the life of many a country hero. Custom often turns up its nose at the one who attempts to rise above his fellows in his attainments. We fool ourselves in thinking that we Americans are entirely free to emerge from one class to another. Our ignorant democracy, in frowning down aspirations after something above the common level, is no less contemptible than any aristocracy of Europe. We rave at Russia; we pity her in our ignorance of the fact that a peasant boy of talent and real worth has an open way to honor and glory even into the ranks of social and political life; the Universities are open to him, the academies welcome him for his worth. But who has not fonnd the notion extant that a man's social standing may be estimated from the price he pays for board! Yet I do not agree with Dickens that we are nation of gluttons.

The chances are, I think, in favor of poverty in the long run. What by eating themselves to gout, and by softening themselves with luxury, or working themselves to pieces in business, the wealthy have not many generations of succes to their credit. And yet they have and may hold the field on the one invariable condition—SELF DENIAL. That virtue in the rich is what the sacrifices of poverty are to the poor, both serving as the needed spur to higher aims. Knowledge was sweeter than sleep to him who read by the light of the pine-knot on the hearth. But that was a necessity to him and of that he made a virtue. To the rich young man, the invitation to the feast or the reception means much small talk from people who have left their individualities at home. The social pressure to go is great enough to test his strength of self-denial. All credit then to wealthy young men who fight it off for higher things. The wise young man of wealth finds better company in books in which individuals are let loose. But the poor young man need not assert himself against such inducements; he saves that much energy of resistance at least. The solitude of poverty is congenial to him. Chances and risks are counterparts, and poverty ever has its opportunities and its dangers.

Education never ends. After the trial of abstinence, to the poor student comes success. It makes him unsteady,—it is apt rather to do so. His solitude has been his armory; his contact with men to get livelihood has been the battle field of his life, and the touchstone of his creed. Where should a poet live? asks Longfellow. In the city. Others say in the country. The ages say, With humanity, past, present and future. But when we see a class of present society capture a genius that was once poor, then there is a crisis at hand. It is only when his attainments shall have made him notorious that the social world, so called, wishes to touch elbows with him. Until poverty is sugared over with greatness, society would feel quite uncomfortable to find it in its pew at church. That world laid hold of poor Burns and made him a guzzling gauger. Genious cradled in poverty can rarely stand the discipline of luxury; it is much less liable to survive it than the rich to survive poverty. The reason, it seems to me, is this: That genius, once led out of poverty into luxury, cuts off its communion with the ages and lives with those who live in and for the present alone. But that is not education, that is abduction. Of it this age must beware.

JOHN F. CROWELL.

INSINCERE EXPRESSIONS OF GRIEF.

[From The New York Ledger.]

A hearty grief is seldom expressed in "ahs" and "ohs" and "alasses." "Alas!" is particularly objectionable. It is only mawkish, affected sentimentalists who make use of it. It does not belong to the vocabulary of the heart. One often meets it in Dramatic literature, for it is of the stage, stagey. When the heroine of a tragedy is informed that somebody has poisoned or put a few inches of cold steel into her lover or brother or papa, she shrieks, and swoons, and on coming to a little "alas!" is generally her "cue"—the keynote of a tedious complimentary notice of the virtues of the deceased. But we venture to say that no reader of the Ledger ever heard the exclamation from a sincere mourner. "Helas!" from which we derive our word, is, to be sure, a common enough ejaculation in France, but then all the French world is a stage, and all the men and women more or less players. Even in his extremist misery, a Frenchman is always dramatic, and when he dies a violent death, either by his own hand or anybody else's, it is usually in fifth-act style.

A STRONG PROTEST.

What a Bright Woman Thinks of Modern Dress.

[Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.]

"O women! queenn of life! bestir your hearts. Rouse your dull perceptions of the monstrous things you do and suffer to be done. Call the fact by its right name. Blush for it and abhor it, for it is abhorrent. So long as you take your fashions from the demi-monde, wherein are ye better than these? * * * Between the ballet girl, who dances for bread, and the society girl who dresses for a title or a fortune, there is a moral gap to be sure but for one I would take my chances with a ballet girl if I had to face the social standards of another life with either record behind me. Does the lady returning from the theatre for her late cognac and champagne think that she can sit with her body half exposed in the uncurtained window of the cafe before which men and women of the street stand gazing and count herself the moral superior of that other woman looking in? Tell us, my lady, if you can when you exhibit yourself for promiscuous surf-bathing, before a thousand spectators, in a bathing costume which stops—where it does—how much more modest are you than the circus dancer or the mermaid in the ten cent variety show? Let us have done with playing about the fire, and call a low thing low and out with it An immodest dress does not cover a modest woman. If your costume is loose and vulgar, you can blame no voice or pen which calls you loose and vulgar, too. If the dress is disgraceful the wearer is disgraced. The woman who dresses indecently— never mind who, never mind where, never mind why—is indecent, The woman who dresses without shame is shameless. By their robes ye shall know them."

Speaking of the boy and the watermelon the Washington Post says:

Morn: Rolicksome.
Noon: Frolicksome.
Night: Coliesome.

GOODBY.

There's a kind of chilly feelin' in the
blowin' of the breeze,
An' a sense of sadness stealin' through
the tresses of the trees;
An' it's not the sad September that's
slowly drawin' nigh,
But jes, that I remember I have come
to say "Goodby!"

"Goodby" the wind is wailin', "Goodby" the trees complain
As they bend low down to whisper with their green leaves white with rain;
"Goodby" the roses murmur, and the bendin' lillies sigh
As if they all felt sorry I have come to say "goodby!"

I reckon all have said it, some time or other—soft
An' easy like—with eyes cast down, that dare not look aloft,
For the tears that trembled in them, for the lips that choked the sigh—
When it kind o' took holt o' the heart, an' made it beat "goodby!"

I didn't think 'twas hard to say, but standin' here alone—
With the pleasant past behin' me, an' the future dim, unknown
A gloomin' yonder in the dark, I can't keep back the sigh—
An' I'm weepin' like a woman, as I bid you all "goodby!"

The work I've done is with you; may be some things went wrong,
Like a note that mars the music in the sweet flow of a song!
But, brethren, when you think of me, I only wish you would
Say as the Master said of one: "He hath done what he could!"

An' when you sit together, in the time as yet to be,
By your love-encircled fireside in this pleasant land of Lee,
Let the sweet past come before you, an' with somethin' like a sigh
Jes' say: "We ain't forgot him since the day he said "Goodby!"

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE RULING PASSION.

[Elizabeth-City Economist.]

"Boys, its getting dark, school is dismissed" were the last words of Dr. Busby, a famous old English schoolmaster.

When Artemus Ward, the famous humorist, was in his last death struggle, he was offered some nauseous drug to take which had been prescribed for him. He refused to take it, when his friend, Tom Robertson, who was sitting near him, said in kindly tones: "Come, come," urging him to take it, "there's a dear fellow; do now, for my sake, you know I would do anything for you."

"Would you," said Ward feebly stretching out his dying hand.

"I would indeed," said Robertson.

"Then you take it," said Ward. He died a few hours after.

OUR ANSWER.

[Wilson Mirror.]

"How sleeps the pure, the sweet and the innocent?" asks a young lady poet in a poem of 97 verses. Well, we slept comfortably and peacefully last night, and in fact our repose is generally beautiful and sweetly serene, for dreams like those the angels have, flt o'er our senses, and drop from their viewless wings that blessed spray of fragrant cheer caught alone from the sparkling fountain of purest waters, and only allowed to fall on and bathe the senseless slumber of one so pure, so innocent and so good. Yes, we sleep tolerably well, when we dodge the nightmare, and escape the colic.

"Young America" Asks Some Questions.

"Young America" draws his own conclusions about things, and shows no modesty or consideration, as a rule in expressing them.

Yesterday he (a six year old issue) was watching the operations of some house builders. The owner of the house was on the ground, and forthwith the youngster opened a battery of inquisitiveness. The owner is a deacon in a leading church and officiates as collector.

Y. A.—What you going to do wiv this house

Owner—Going to rent it out.

Y. A.—What you going to charge?

Owner—I don't know yet. I am going to add some more rooms. Then I am going to see how much the house cost altogether and then I can tell how much the rent will be.

Y. A.—Will the rent be a heap?

Owner—I don't know.

Y. A.—Is any little boys going to live in it?

Owner—I don't know. Maybe so.

Y. A.—Any little girls?

Owner—Oh, I don't know.

Y. A.—Has you got any little boys?

Owner.—Yes.

Y. A.—How many?

Owner.—I don't kn—oh! I've got one.

Y. A.—Don't you wish you had four, five, six, fifty leb'en little boys?

This question staggered the gentleman. He was talking to a boy, and the remote possibility of having one or two like H''' among the number suggested was simply paralyzing. He glared at the youngster and said unequivocally:

No, I don't.

Y. A.—Does you love little boys?

This question appealed to the softer side of the gentleman, and under the influence of its innocent, helpless appeal, the gentleman said:

Yes, I love them all.

The little fellow went up and nestled close to the gentleman and asked a dozen other questions till he got to this one.

Y. A.—How much will this house cost?

Owner.—About —— dollars.

Y. A.—Has you paid the money?

Owner—Yes—or I will pay it all when the house is done.

Y. A.—You got that money by handing around the plate in church, didn't you?

This question broke up the truce. The gentleman didn't deign to answer the question. He left the boy suddenly, looking as though he thought three or four such beings would soon run a whole community into an insane asylum. And they would, if they were turned loose.

WHO IS HE?

THE MAN WITH THE ALIASES---WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

Is he a Good, Repentant Man---Or is He an Incorrigible, Deep-Dyed Villain, is the Question?

Some years ago there was in Concord, N. C., a man who went by the name of Nutall. He was a jeweller by trade, but was better known for his deveitry and meanness than any thing else. He was interesting on account of his adroitness and shrewdness. He became extensively acquainted in that section, and soon made a reputation as a man of easy and careless habits. He told many people that he went from Wake county, N. C.

Before long he was charged with bigamy. It was charged that he, under the name of J. H. O. Nuttall, had in 1867 married Emma T. Horton in North Carolina, and afterward, in 1884, married Miss Effie Smith in Dallas, Ga.

Finally he left the Concord section and was not heard of for some time.

Later on a man who said his name was Rev. W. R. Dale, was called to the pastorate of the Seventh street Baptist church in Atlanta, Ga. This Mr. Dale proved to be an eloquent preacher and was winning fame and favor right along. But some people who had known Nutall in this State went to Atlanta and saw Dale. They at once said that he was the Nutall they knew and told the people of Atlanta all about Nutall's history. This threw the Seventh street church people into consternation. Some of the female members and many male members absolutely refused to believe this "tale" on their pastor, but the charges were urged with such persistence that Dale was finally arrested and put on trial for bigamy. The trial has been in progress some time at Dallas, Ga., and the Atlanta people have been feverish over the result. The trial went against Dale. During the hearing a great many witnesses from North Carolina were examined.

One of the charges against him was that he had recently been writing intimate letters to a Miss Rawlings, and these letters were offered as evidence in the trial but were ruled out.

G. M. Barrett, of Atlanta, knew Dale four years intimately; Dale once told Barrett his boyhood days had been spent in Concord, N. C; had run away with a locomotive that was on a sidetrack and carried it twenty miles from Concord to Salisbury.

H. A. Deal, a printer from Charlotte, N. C., was put upon the stand. He testified to having gone with Nuttall to Concord, N. C., where the latter was running a paper, as an apprentice boy. He remained with Nutall several years, and swore that after he came to Atlanta he recognized Nuttall without any one pointing him out. His identification was most positive.

George R. Rawlings, of Dallas, N. C., swore to the fact that Nutall resided in his father's house for some time, and that Nutall ran away from North Carolina with his sister, Miss Kate Rawlings, and that he had not seen Nutall since, until he came into the court house as a witness, and that he was absolutely positive as to Dale's identity to Nutall.

Mr. George P. Horton, whose sister Nutall so cruelly and wantonly deserted, leaving her with five children to support with no means to go upon, was first put upon the stand.

Mr. Horton is from Wadesboro, N. C., the scene of some of Nutall's escapades. He swore most emphatically to the identity of W. R. Dale with J. H. O. Nutall, who married witness' sister in 1876 or '77, and that he deserted her and disappeared from that section in September, 1880. His identification was full and complete.

C. W. Eddings, of Atlanta, formerly of Charlotte, knew Nutall in Charlotte and also in Dallas, and when he heard of the arrest of Dale in Atlanta he started down to the recorder's courtroom and saw Nutall in a crowd. To be sure he followed the crowd to a photographer's office and waited till Nutall came down. "I knew then for certain it was Nutall," said he, "and I'd swear it on a stack of Bibles as high as this brick house. I'd stake my salvation on his being the man, Nutall."

A number of other witnesses were put on the stand and examined after which Dale made his statement as follows:

He denied all knowledge of Nutall; was named Walter R. Dale, the son of a Doctor Dale, of England; had no recollection of his father, and thought he was born in England; until he was nearly grown he was raised as a street arab in New York by a family named McSwain, who told him his parents were dead; they treated him badly; when he was large enough he ran away with a gambler named Sweeney; Sweeney told him he (Dale) was born in Wake county, North Carolina, and that his mother was living there; he went and found his mother, and supported her until her death. He followed Sweeney's trade of gambling, and was known in sporting circles as "Sweeney's Kid," Bill Wafford and Wat Dale. He assumed his aliases to keep his mother from hearing of his escapades; visited all Southern cities, and lived in Atlanta for some time.

He never was in North Carolina after he was a mere boy, until 1867, when he went as a sport to Fayetteville, Wilmington and Raleigh; was never in Concord, Dallas, North Carolina, Wadesboro or Charlotte; grew disgusted with gambling and went in the sewing machine business; came to Dallas in 1881 in the pursuit of his business and in 1883 was converted and in 1884 was ordained to the ministry; December 7, 1884, he was married to Miss Effie B. Smith, of Dallas, who had been a true and noble wife to him, and who bore him a little boy; October, 1885, he was called to the Seventh church, Atlanta, where he labored until this charge was made. He met Dr. Greene in Atlanta who pretended to have known him before; last year he met a man who he had since learned was named John George; met him on Broad street and spoke to him as Nutall.

He had tried to get plenty of witnesses, but he had no money with which to pay their expenses from New York and New Orleans; he was poor and didn't have the county's treasury to get witnesses like the prosecution; he had been trying to live a Christian life and do what good he could to atone for his life as a gambler.

The Atlanta Journal of yesterday says: Dale has been found guilty contrary to the expectation of a majority of those present in the court room, but in accordance with the expressed sentiment of Paulding county. At 11:30 the jury brought in the verdict.

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty.

"T. M. BROOKS, Foreman."

It was a thunder clap to Dale, but he is bearing it with an assumed composure. He sits reading a paper, but his hand shakes like an aspen leaf.

ONE ON DR. BLACKNALL.

The New Way "The Old Original" Amuses Himself.

(Morehead Cor. of Charlotte Chronicle.)

Of course Dr. G. W. Blacknall is here; and what would Morehead be without him? He looks like a great man and a good man. I know he is a great man. His ventures into the field of fiction have brought him national fame; and I am told that his balloon romance has been translated into several languages. He has a contemplation a story that surpasses all his previous efforts; and his friends say that it will equal Jules Verne at his best. Publishers are besieging him for the manuscript, but the Doctor says he will run it as serial, each chapter a complete story in itself, in the papers of North Carolina.

The Doctor is amusing himself, as a relaxation from his literary labors, in trying to make a well-trained parrot teach a young turtle how to talk. He keeps both in his room in a large cage, the bottom of the cage being a water tank, where the turtle is.

Several days ago, the Doctor had a few friends to a whist party in his room During the evening, the guests emptied the dregs of their mint julip glasses into the tank where the turtle is; which accounts for the very dilapidated appearance of the parrot. Some say the parrot drank some of the water, and it is reported that she said such things as to cause the Doctor to disband the party in haste. I do not know, however, if that be true.

ALABAMA ALLIANCE.

Fight in the State Alliance Meeting at Montgomery on a Resolution to Endorse the National Platform Adopted at St. Louis, Mo.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Aug. 8.—The second day's meeting of the State Alliance in this city is of unusual interest among its members. Nothing absolutely is known outside as to what is going on, but enough is known to justify the very general belief that a big fight is now being made over a resolution endorsing the resolutions adopted at St. Louis by the National Farmer's Alliance. There is said to be considerable opposition among certain members to the Sub-Treasury plank in the St. Louis platform of principles. At this morning's session Rev. S. M. Adams, of Bibb, was re-elected president; J. A. Downs, of Elmore, was elected vice president, and J. P. Oliver, of Tallapoosa, secretary.

A Negro Deputy Collector for Western North Carolina.

(Asheville Democrat.)

Col. Chas. McKesson, who who was in the city a few days ago, informed us that Acting Collector John Baxter Eaves has appointed a negro from Salisbury to the position of Deputy Collector in his district. He has been turning out white Republicans recently, it seems, for the purpose of making room for the colored brother.

LINCOLN FOR VANCE.

A Full County Ticket Nominated--Graham Ahead for Congress.

(Condensed from Lincoln Courier.)

T. H. Hoke was chairman and J. M. Roberts Secretary. The vote for Congress stood, Graham 466; Cowles 268. This gives Graham in the Congressional convention 15½ and Cowles 8½. Hoke received 86 votes for judge; McCorkle 5; Justice 27. Osborne was endorsed unanimously for Solicitor.

The following is the county ticket: Clerk, C. E. Childs; Register of Deeds, B. C. Wood; Sheriff, J. B. Luckey; Treasurer, L. I. Wilkie; Coroner, J. C. Hoover; Surveyor, J. C. Bess.

Rev. C. L. Wilson was nominated for the House by acclamation and Mr. J. W. A. Paine was nominated for the Senate from Lincoln and Catawba unanimously.

A resolution of confidence and esteem for Senator Vance was adopted by a "unanimous and enthusiastic vote." It closed with these words: "That our Senator and Representative be instructed to vote for him." They are both Vance men.

It is a striking fact that in very many places where evangelists are needed most they never go. Bishop Duncan says you always find them "where the pickings are good," and you never find them "where the pickings are bad." It is a little singular that the Lord calls them once, twice, and oftener into the green and flourishing fields and never into the poorer places where sinners are many and sin abounds. Or if he calls them in the latter as well as the former that they always see their way clear to go where the pay is the biggest.—Statesville Advocate.

On the subject of testimony from high quarters to the value of temperance we give this opinion the venerable General Von Moltke, of Germany: I, myself, abstain altogether from alcohol. I do not consider it necessary or helpful, except perhaps after fatiguing work when the principal thing is to revive one's strength at once. Certainly one of the greatest enemies of Germany is the misuse of Alcohol. A healthy man needs no such stimulent, and to give it to children, which is often done, is absolutely wicked."

He leads us on
By paths we did not know.
Upward he leads us, though our
steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter on the
way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day.
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know he leads us on.

It happened one time that a Mr.
Fell in love with a maiden and kr.
And he said: "Be my wife
And bring joy to my life!"
She said: "No, but I will be your sr."

THE HOPE OF THE STATE.

LETTER FROM EX-GOV. W. W. HOLDEN.

He Writes Appreciatively of the Letter of Prof. E. A. Alderman on Judge Murphey.

[Cor. of STATE CHRONICLE.]

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 7.—Allow me to express as an "old fashioned, old field" school-boy of many, many years since, my approval of, and my gratification at the admirable article in your last paper of Professor Edwin A. Alderman, in relation to Judge Archibald D. Murphey, and suggesting to the public schools of the State, that they shall set apart one day in every year to study Judge Murphey's life and character. The description of Judge Murphey by Professor Alderman personally and intellectually is very fine. He was a statesman of the days of Cameron, and Henderson, and Nash, and Seawell, and Yancey, and Ruffin. A fine scholar, in English, in Latin, and Greek, and French, so well described by Mr. Alderman. Mr. Alderman says:

"There lies before me, as I write, the pictured face of one of the truly great and progressive Carolinians of the past—Judge Archibald D. Murphey. It is a face of singular beauty and force—a Napoleonic head, a great swelling forehead, an oval face, clean-cut, clean-shaven features, searching brown eyes, sensitive, close-fitting, mobile lips, a thin, straight nose, and a strong, decisive jaw and chin."

I saw Judge Murphey but once, when a boy of sixteen years of age. It was in the court-house at Hillsboro, and I bear witness to the critical correctness of the above description. He lived on the right-hand side of the main street in Hillsboro, running west from the court house in the house since occupied by Hugh Waddell and William F. Strayhorn. Opposite to him lived John Taylor. He had a case in court, which for him was unusual. He drove down in his own carriage and got out in front of the court house. He ascended the steps and entered the building. I was struck with the attention shown him. The crowd opened for him, and he was received at the bar with great courtesy. He arose to speak. His voice, thin and feeble, was very musical. He was heard by the jury, by the court and by the crowd of bystanders with the most intense interest and in silence. His case was illustrated as follows: A man had ordered a dinner from a saloon-keeper and sat in his place while the restaurant-keeper was preparing the meal. When prepared, he declined to pay for it, alleging that he had satisfied his appetite by inhaling or smelling the viands as prepared. This was the illustration. What the verdict was, I do not remember. Presently, he arose and returned to his home in his carriage. He was then old and very weak, and soon afterwards died. Afterwards this circumstance fixed my attention on Judge Murphey when a boy, and I began to study his character and to follow him in history in his public course.

In 1838, and during several years about that time, I examined carefully in the State House the journals of the two Houses of the General Assembly, referred to by Mr. Alderman from 1812 to 1818. Everything done in that day in the two Houses was recorded. I remember well the speeches made in 1816 by Mr. Stanley and others for Mr. Badger as solicitor of the lower district, and for Mr. Donnell in the same district by gentlemen who were Democrats. All reports and all speeches of whatsoever kind were spread out on the journals, and there and then it was I read the reports of Judge Murphey for the years of 1812 to the years 1818 inclusive; on education, on common schools, on the University and deaf and dumb asylums. He was far ahead of his time. His great and clear mind saw through the vista of the coming years, and he always advised the people for their own good. He was a great friend to internal improvements, and advocated the improvement and navigation of the Cape Fear and Deep rivers, which resulted disastrously, financially, to him. Consequently he died a poor man. Mr. Alderman has well described him as the De Witt Clinton of North Carolina.

Mr. Alderman's motto is the one which Judge Murphey himself maintained, and that is, "seek ye first the education of all the people, and all other political blessings will be added unto you." "This is the only hope of the State." Mr. Alderman deserves great credit, as well as our thanks for bringing the attention of our people of this day and time, to these things. We trust he will not "grow weary in well doing," but continue to urge upon the people the soundness of the opinions of Murphey, and Caldwell, and others, who were the early and real friends of North Carolina.

W. W. HOLDEN.